THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1493.

Original Poetry.

THE WANDERER'S WISH.

WRITTEN IN THE WEST INDIES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have wandered through this busy world,
Have wandered far and wide,
And many of nature's gems of art
Did my keen heart divide.

I've seen the vaunt Solomon left—
And the bright isles of the West—
Yet my heart longs, oh, so weary,
To my native land to rest.

I have seen the dark trees wave my
In the tropic evening breeze,
And have watched the shadow mold
Of a distant coast appear;

I have seen the roses blooming
In America's far off bowers,
And where the Indian crowns flow.
Have stood and gathered flowers.

Oh, where the violets are blooming,
And the sweet forget-me-not,
By the banks of the Susie River,
There is nature a well loved spot—
Where are the thoughts of vague loneliness
At home with a fairy spell,
And of heaven all of earth's beauty
And gladness I could tell!

In bright Mariqua heaven
The sky is clearer than anywhere else,
From the everlasting foliage,
In summer and autumn days,
Have I wander'd when the sun's last ray
Was spread on the hills of Haze;
Oh, for the mirth that then was mine,
For that light heart again!

Where the Swan flows calm and lonely,
And winter owns the Wonne's flood,
Or where the Schuylkill
And through many a quiet mead,
Have I wandered, with my darling sister,
'Neath the ocean and the flood,
To meet a fairy welcome
At Hon. Charles Heed
Or where the Delaware
A gradual spectator of
Has been my part, however,
Of the Quaker City's
Baptist land has found
Or where the Susquehanna
Has been with the gambler gain
Or where the Lehigh
Oh, where shall I behold them—
Those happy hours so bright and warm
I love the more my blessings close—
Ere I leave home and friends
I love far more my snow-drop pure,
Thy mother's heart and gentle love
Much Northern charms that meets

H. A. N.

Original Novelet.

THE OLD ASTROLOGER;
OR,
THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER IV.

A year has passed, and Henry Appleton has not passed his roof, nor is Marion Hale his bride. It has been a weary year, but the most unhappy of his life, spent in chasing the shadow of a good, which seemed to flee from him the more eagerly he followed.

All overtures for a settlement by the parties looking to the property in dispute having failed, the case was pressed with ardor. But the absence of sixty thousand dollars' worth of real estate, out on a general mortgage, dragged its slow length along, and was finally settled in favor of the Astrologer. Appleton was taken off the delays attended by our legal institutions in the collection of debts of the kind, and that evident, if possible, not only his patience, but his means of continuing the prosecution. Marion, when, finally, it was known that the case in favor, an appeal was entered on a trial of the Supreme Court. This was the result of a whole year, passed in anxious suspense.

The position of Henry and Marion was little better. Each was a settled point in the young man's mind that she was to be his wife, he had never ceased to love her, and this, wrought to a determination of his unalterable, leaving him, in consequence, in a troubled state of mind, which the constant neglected.

Only a few months would be after she had been separated from Rudolph Astrologer's perfidious treachery and Appleton, see the story came to her ears again, and it was then that she began to waver. Do you've Appleton's property," said a young man, named Antrim. He was a cousin, with whom she had formerly intimate and familiar since he arrived in the city.

"Appleton's property! What do you mean?" she replied, coldly.

"I believe he claims you actually," said Antrim.

"He has no right to base his claim!" Marion answered with expression of indignation at the bare of such.

Antrim shrugged his shoulders, and replied,

"Oh, as to that, I suppose you know best."

"I cannot, I wish you would explain yourself," said Marion, anxiously.

"I will, provided you answer me one question."

"What is it?"

"You'll promise not to be offended."

"Certainly. It's a weak mind that takes offence where none's designed."

"Are you engaged to Henry Appleton?"

"No."

And yet, he is bold enough to say that you are so far that no other man has any chance to gain your favor."

"Rather a bold assertion."

So I thinken me. And, moreover, I understand his assertion is to be based on the ground that you have fallen's predilection. The the same vexatious authority, he takes it as granted that he's going to get, by means of the law, an estate valued at fifty or a hundred thousand dollars. And I'm told, further, still, that his has actually obtained possession of his student, and is sitting about in fancies and other public places, making himself as little better than a regarded."

"You are merry in error," said Marion, in answer to this, speaking in a troubled voice.

"I believe so," replied Antrim. "That he's abandoned the study of medicine, I learn from out of his most intimate friends, who blames him in no measured terms."

"Do the ground you allege it?"

"Yes. The manner the latter—teller gave him a favorable account, as he should be, and left the office where he was a student."

"And I am to be his wife?" said Marion, compressing her lips, while a bright spot burned on her cheek.

"So the news favorite."

The effect of this on Marion was to produce a state of mental disturbance. The fact that Appleton had been influenced by the Astrologer's persuasions, and so disagreeable to her as the liberty he had taken, to speak of her in connection with himself in a way that was offensive. But, soon after being alone again, her heart turned with a feeling of tender interest towards the young man. Month after month things went on as little satisfactorily for both parties as possible. Appleton was constant in his attentions to Marion, but did not breath a word of what was in his heart. At these was no fear of losing her to trouble him, and thus hasten an avowal of his feelings, he preferred waiting until he could, in offering her his hand, lay a fortune at her feet. Many months would not go by, he hoped, ere he would feel at liberty to speak of the ardent love that warmed his bosom. But, the months came and went, and the decision of his case seemed as far off as ever.

At length, Marion began to have doubts as to her lover's sincerity. Moreover, she frequently heard him spoken of lightly; and the causes alleged had influence in her mind. Hope delivered weaketh the heart sick. This sickness was felt, ere long, by Marion; who, having prolonged her visit to the city of Haze, at the time originally intended, and this on Appleton's account, though the fact she would not, even to herself, acknowledge, began to look towards her home, and make preparations for returning.

When she spoke of this to Appleton, she saw that it affected him unpleasantly; and, from that time until she left the city, was very unwilling that he wanted her, to be laboring under an oppression of feeling. In fact, he was more reserved than ever in her hand, and let her depart without the change in his manner, for which she looked so strongly.

The meaning of this she did not comprehend. If his attentions were not to be had gone, and, why did he not speak of them? Why had he visited her regularly for a whole year without so much as breathing a word that could be taken as an avowal at love?

These questions Marion asked herself many times when she came. Spite of all she had to said spoken against Appleton, and spite of his strange conduct, her heart turned towards him, and his image was constantly before her eyes.

A few weeks after Marion arrived at home, and while the wounds of doubt and hope were still bleeding afresh, a letter from Appleton met her sisters. One was from her cousin, Leonard Antrim, and contained, among other things, the following:

"Our friend, who considers you his property, is thought by his friends now to be getting tired of his bird. Do you know that he was offered thirty-five thousand dollars, a few days ago for his right against the Mercer family, who will be beggared if he succeeds? He was not so mistaken. But he declined the offer with contempt. 'I can get all,' said I'll have all,' was his magnanimous reply to a friend, who advised, among other things, the way to secure one.

Original Lectures.

MR. DANA'S LECTURES.

HAMLET.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE SAT. EVENING POST.

LECTURE VIII. AND LAST.

Mr. Dana concluded by saying that he could not well close his Lectures without expressing his warm thanks to the gentlemen belonging to the University, the Medical and Literary, for their kind and generous attentions to the audience, for their share of which attentions he should not forget those feelings. He also acknowledged the numerous civilities extended to him during his sojourn in Philadelphia, and he regretted that owing to the condition of his health, he had been in many instances prevented from acknowledging his sense of these civilities in person. If, in the course of his remarks, he had said anything that merited remembrance hereafter—and he believed that he had uttered only truths—should be remembered hereafter, he hoped that good fruit would be the product, and that his sentiments and sayings might have a beneficial influence, especially upon the young—and that he the more deserved, as it was probable that few whom he now addressed he should ever meet again—yet he trusted that he might live in their remembrance.

The subject of the present Lecture would be Hamlet, and Mr. D. cautioned that Dr. Johnson had, unfortunately, given the key to Hamlet, in a dark and proper conception and idea of the character of Hamlet—as he evidently considered him merely a common-place stage hero—and not the reflective, meditating and introverted character—described and self-observed, as he was really depicted by Shakspeare; and the lecturer was surprised at the remark of Dr. J. on Hamlet, as they are found in most of the modern editions—comments that might have been expected from the gallows or groundlings, but not from the critical branches where Johnson used to sit. The character of the Prince of Denmark was deep, contemplative, and full of contradictions. This would was not made less true to life. He seemed to be here temporarily.—So he soul was ever straining towards that other world, where simple duty and thinking led more to do than to think—where acting was without being in a condition of love, which state imparts a desire of love to the object of it, more emphatically than the declaration. because there is a consciousness and sympathy with the beloved object. Of that world the inner man of Hamlet was prophetic. His soul had assumed an essential part of him, but only a secondary part appertained to himself. He did not speak to the time when he was—for if he did, he only regarded it reflectively—for the inner was his question, his essence—whose is his form, his spirit would—a bright, consummate flower. He looked through the natural to the spiritual, to the spiritual—and as it pertains seen in a mirror, the perspective is also reversed—so by this means, the objects of the outer world became part of and toward thoughts and being—clothed with the robes with which the spiritual appeared. He could feel and think with his fellow men, but he could not act like them. The spirit of a higher order looks upon nature to afford instruments to his spiritual beings. He is intent only on combining and creating ideas and conceptions manifested in himself. Such was the mind of Hamlet. The external world to him was but a machine—the spiritual the substance. Such was the natural effect of an over-introversive mind. Hamlet was born with his disposition—after admonishing nature from the flower to the noble canopy above, he truly exclaims—what a piece of work a man is! In him Denmark's was a prison, and in conversation with Rosencrantz, he appeared that "thinking makes it so." How introverted—how reflective the reply to Horatio, as to where he had seen his late Father's Spirit—"in my mind's eye." Scarcely any other character would have replied such a reply—not even the melancholy Jacques, for he was not the imaginative Hamlet. "A man, sir, was I"—What does this mean?"—question asked reflectively;—and many passages were cited by the lecturer as proof of the mental absorption of an observant and reflecting process that would be out of place in any other character but the self introverted Hamlet. In reply to the adjuration of the Ghost—"List, list, oh! list. It ever thou didst thy dear father love," &c., he replies, and indicates his swiftness, not limit the eagle or air's outward flight, but—"and my meditation, or the thoughts of love." With such a mind, the mind became absorbed in itself—the world, the visible become abstract to the invisible, and the visible become visible. He loves Horatio for his noble qualities. "Since as a man who is not passion's slave." And Horatio reciprocates his friendship—Horatio fails without his generous prescription, and, therefore, without his love. He loves Ophelia—but interrupts that love—"more than early thousand brothers." But love does not influence him as it does most mortals—it not the mind's eye, the heart—such a mind as Hamlet's could not be drawn from outward actuality to outward identity. But never it ceases to be in mere actual—still Reason is overthrown. Hamlet does not let his affections trouble the current of his mind, but he surrounds the actual with the attachments of his own being. Although she may crave he hath a generous heart—love—yet it must be but for a moment—for he will turn to the loving he had created for himself—to the inward recesses of his heart—a being formed from himself and for himself. Even his mind before it is ready, it is only a room of self-love—a well-watered soil. In Ophelia he finds what he conceives the actual of his ideal character, and strives to love it; but in effect that, he must transform it in his mind into the ideal being. He yields himself up to self-torture, in supposing that he is no longer loving his elder self—the changed being—the opposite successor with the force of untimely which entrees to make the unreal its life. We can see he bounds short of desiderata for love which surrounds the being of his own fancy. We cannot doubt that Hamlet visited Ophelia—may see or lectures her? Was it not natural? He abstracted as not take leave from the outward, and from within—we must take them wanting through the exaggeration. He lectures her not from coldness, but that in the workings of her imagination he may see a great truth, and ascertain her love to him. Here is partially a cause for his rugged manners. Small somewhat resembled Hamlet at a certain period of his career—but Hamlet never he was the very opposite. 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The character of Hamlet has been regarded by many as monotonous, but in fact, its versatility is its greatest charm. How admirably in this shown in his interviews with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—how well does he know his men in Polonius, when he declares that a cloud is "very like a whale"—the carrier answers—and then beneath "its like a weasel, and again the sensitive Prince admitting that 'tis very like a weasel. We can with all this sensibility, his humor is not in the—they feel me to the top of my best." It will be seen, too, with that fine feeling, Hamlet has left beside him out of the field with his own weapon, is scarcely any other character than Hamlet—by Shakspeare—which is so perfect. Indeed, in the case of Hamlet, we have evidently continued to meet merely a common-place stage hero—and not the reflective, meditating and introversal character—described and self-observed, as he was really depicted by Shakspeare; and the lecturer was surprised at the remarks of Dr. J. on Hamlet, as they are found in most of the modern editions—comments that might have been expected from the gallows or groundlings, but not from the critical branches where Johnson used to sit. The character of the Prince of Denmark was deep, contemplative, and full of contradictions. This would was not made less true to life. He seemed to be here temporarily.—So the soul was ever straining towards that other world, where simple duty and thinking led more to do than to think—where acting was without being in a condition of love, which state imparts a desire of love to the object of it, more emphatically than the declaration. because there is a consciousness and sympathy with the beloved object. 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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1850.

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TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Saturday Post; or if any one day do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some wider circle of acquaintances—though he be a lady, he willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the extent of a dozen or a dozen and a half. We would like to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competitors in the quality of its matter. Indeed, we *defy to find the same or a similar paper, as on the manner and payment of the small terms.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the Post Office and the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by writing their name next to our address when they can do so conveniently.

BUENA VISTA.

The remarks of Col. Russell, of Illinois, in the House of Representatives, on the subject of the battle were censured at Buena Vista by the Mississippians, after the gallant remains were all in the ground, and assents into one whole. The opening of the scene is the plaintive, and with the words of the song—"Methinks I see my father," &c.—was in accordance with Hamlet's nature—in accordance with the circumstances.

The lecturer here traced the character of Ophelia, who which she created for Hamlet, as he had been observer of men—not for the sake of mere—but he created them. He knew that there was a given, a grave-digger or a gentleman.—Such is the marshaling universality of his spirit; and that he could not have been the lover Hamlet not sensible of his sideration? Though among them, he appears not the finer companions—not some of them are companions of this man. He is half of the scene of action." Hamlet, when he charged mind, he speaks to them. Even Horatio—his friend—is the receiver, never the giver, of thought and sentiment. Hamlet, the Prince of Denmark, is but the reception of deep-seated truths;—but he could not have created them. He

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:
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STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 261 Dock street, below Second.

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the best manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

GEN. SCOTT'S SPEECH.

The Union meeting to which we referred last week, as being held in New York, passed resolutions of adherence to the Union under any circumstances, and recommended Mr. Clay's Resolutions as the basis of a compromise. The matter had been well prepared. It appears he went as a listener only, but, being recognized, was forced to go upon the stand, and speak to the people. The following report of his speech, appears in the New York Herald:

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I came here this evening not expecting to address the meeting, but as a servant of the union, for the purpose of listening to the proceedings of this very interesting and excited meeting. I had no expectation of having the honor to be called upon to speak, but, in obedience to the kindness of a friend, who discovered me below, I am induced to step forward in this unceremonious manner before you. Little did I expect being called upon, but to address this great and glorious meeting, which is worthy of the Empire State, and worthy of the great commercial city of the Union, which gave name here to such a beautiful epithet. I see before me the intelligence, the wealth, the patriotism of the great city, and I cordially coming here for the purpose of supporting that Union. I am an humble friend and devoted servant of that same Union. I do not call myself a citizen of the East or of the North, or of the West or of the South. I have served that Union for forty years, and I call myself a citizen of every part and parcel of this glorious confederation. I am, fellow citizens, a native to boundary applicable to the Union, and not owning that term to any part, but by presenting a new conception by Congress. In 1783, the south extended to the Mississippi. In 1803, the south and west, and the twenty-four States that the Union now consists of. I did not come here to speak on a theme on which we were fired and, to be put on bail. I did not come here to speak on the theme that the old clothes remained, and plenty of water, but, my friends, I am a last living, humble relic of the revolutionary army, and some that we have left are in the West, and I am now addressing you as a last relic, as applications to any house or any State, and I am now addressing you as a last relic, and I am now addressing you as a last relic, and I am now addressing you as a last relic

Selected Poetry.

WE ARE ALL TO WRONG INCLINED.

FROM THE NEW ORLEANS DELTA.

We are all to wrong inclined
In this wide and worldly mart,
And the strong human mind
Backs the strong human heart.

Planted with childhood's dawning glow.
Passion ushers evil in,
Which, as the being's onward flow,
Strengthens into riper sin.
Then we're to wrong inclined
In this wide and worldly mart,
And the strong human mind
Backs the strong human heart.

Oh, ye living! they that breed,
Who the seed so thickly throw—
Why not plant in their mould—
Why so tempted by the young?
Feel ye not your bosoms writhe
Perhaps most when sin seems?
Reason first upbend the rod,
Frailty first confounds the rule.
Then we're all to wrong inclined
In this wide and worldly mart,
And the strong human mind
Backs the strong human heart.

Ye who nudge your brothers, and
Point sure in the seat of Time,
Tremble lest ye dare to call
Unto weakness, more than crime!
Thinkers! screw the secret thought
Deep into the human clod,
"Pity shielded by man from wrong
Judgment is alone with God."
For we're all to wrong inclined
In this wide and worldly mart,
And the erring human mind
Backs the erring human heart.

Regrets! ye have most achieved,
Turn ye love your human host,
Pilgrim! seek each sport, greed
By the iron hoofs of Fate.
Christians! shed the faint who need.
Not of your shadowy Book
Soldiers! comfort those that bleed
In the battle of mankind.
We are all to wrong inclined
In this wide and worldly mart,
And the erring human mind
Backs the erring human heart.

Pictures of Life.

JOHN MILLS, THE MORMON.

When the Mormons settled in Missouri, in 1831, no enthusiastic young man named Mills, was their most popular and admired preacher. Indeed no great man he was, that whichever way he took his stump, a crowd of the saints were sure to be present.

A strong and rooted mob of Lynchers was about this time organized in the county of Jackson, under the command of Col. Turk—one of the most desperately dangerous men that Missouri, or in truth, any other country, ever produced. Some of the Mormons were tarred and feathered, some were ducked with knotty hickories, till they handed from the excess of butter and the loss of blood; others were hunted through all their property, and reduced in a day to the condition of beggars; many of their dwelling houses and Church dungeons; thus will the Celtic population of Ireland, and the Saxon of Kent, buy scraps with the Saxon and the English races.

Dr. Knox argues that there is a tendency to the production of smallness to die out, in the moral as well as in the animal races. That is to say, there is a tendency in man to return to his original types, in his normal state of wild man. Very many of the types produced by a physical cause disappear all breeds by crossing. The farmer understands this in his cows, and sheep, and pigs, and horses, and dogs, and turtrips, and he knows it is sometimes regarded as an institution of Providence, that different races have been made to produce different commodities, in order to induce nations to trade together, and thus to bind the nations by mutual dependence; and it is remarked that poets have always been the eulogists of the old pastures decisions; and it is remarked that poets have always been the eulogists of the old pastoral life, and the old rural manners, and the old rustic language, and the old rustic sports, and the old rustic dress, and the old rustic customs, in contrast with the simplicity of fact.

Priscilla Bacon.—An industrious family been invented for making bags, which look not to be easy like necessity of throwing away your bags after. Any tough, straight-grained timber will answer the purpose. It is first sawn into square strips, the width decided for the bag; these strips are next turned round, like a bat handle, and then split through the centre. Each stick then makes two half-round hoops. They are then steamed and bent. Cedar hooped with thin, pressed, or extra-rail appearance. The whole work is done by machinery. Just previous to being thus, if the machinery is not there at cold weather, the ends of these hoops was exhibited at the late Agricultural Show at Syracuse.

Wit and Humor.

TRAPPING A LOCOMOTIVE.

The New York and Erie Railroad passes through a portion of Pike County, traversing a wilderness where the wolf and the panther reside more than all the more of the race have made them retreat before the progress of enterprise. At the time when the cars were commenced running daily over the portion of the road, it so happened that a friend of mine, who never had much "cash at command," was busily engaged trapping for wolves in one of those large swamps so frequent in that part of the country. Game, both was one of our best hunters, and in his opinion—which is duly corroborated by his success—the best trapper in the country. Having from his daily walk, to see that all was right, and that no one had disturbed his traps, and the wealthy wind of winter howled on over the icy grave of the summer, caution no more!

PHYSICAL GROWTH.

FROM THE WESTERN ANNUAL REVIEW.

"Like fellows like throughout this mortal span," thus, the house in Flanders becomes an unusually romantic, and in Shetland, a dwarf; there is a tendency in animals to associate together with external resemblances, and to persecute those who are strangers in shape. In the Falkland Islands there are cattle of four different colors, forming separate herds; a distant cattleman is exclusively as white men separate from negroes in the United States. On the Eastern coasts of the Southern Andes, the cattle breeders have a habit of attaching a bell to the neck of a mare. From these bells hundred bells to the sound, and they were accordingly set and reset with different kinds of bell, and shifted from one neck to another, so that the sound might be varied. Yet daily the same suspicious voice would come to his ears. At length the hunter was a keen believer in the supernatural, because convinced that his former skill as a sportsman was not forgotten, began acting in the neighborhood. Upon the strength of this conclusion, he called in a few confidential friends, and the next time the unseen power proceeded to rotate his adventures.

Our readers can judge of the hunter's surprise when he was laughingly told he had been practicing on the locomotive.—*Pike County Democrat.*

"THE DEW ON BEAUTY'S LIPS."

Under the head of "answers to correspondents," the Dublin Commercial Journal and Weekly gives the following emphatic answer:

JOSEPHINE.—We have consulted Dr. Arrowshaft, and he says there is no dew on beauty's lips, "unless the dew on beauty's lips," and although his opinion is a little too professional perhaps, we give it. In answer to our query, he says:

"The dew on the lips of beauty has long been known as a tempting bait to the male sex—action, among, generally, from the region of the heart, and is produced by a peculiar state of susceptibility in that organ. It is undoubtedly a fluid of very remarkable, elastic nature—its most susceptibility to that organ. It is undoubtedly a fluid of very remarkable, elastic nature—its most conspicuous qualities, being exceedingly rich and sweet in flavor, and generally highly stimulating, and when taken in excess, it has been quickly produced in the female system. Indeed, there are some instances on record, where the effects of this fluid produces delirium; and it is remarked that poets have always been the eulogists of the old pastoral life, and the old rural manners, and the old rustic language, and the old rustic sports, and the old rustic dress, and the old rustic customs, in contrast with the simplicity of fact.

Priscilla Bacon.—An industrious family been invented for making bags, which look not to be easy like necessity of throwing away your bags after. Any tough, straight-grained timber will answer the purpose. It is first sawn into square strips, the width decided for the bag; these strips are next turned round, like a bat handle, and then split through the centre. Each stick then makes two half-round hoops. They are then steamed and bent. Cedar hooped with thin, pressed, or extra-rail appearance. The whole work is done by machinery. Just previous to being thus, if the machinery is not there at cold weather, the ends of these hoops was exhibited at the late Agricultural Show at Syracuse.

Science and Art.

THE MECHANICAL WORLD ALMANAC.—The relative value of the Greek and the Turkey, in time, during the reciprocating motion of the pedal to the pedal, and the corresponding square in a circle, are of discussion between two correspondents of the Scientific American.

A CAUTIOUS JUDGE.—The late Chief Baron Pollock, of England, was remarkable for his love of money, and for his caution. He was a great lover of his money, and for his caution. He was a great lover of his money, and for his caution. He was a great lover of his